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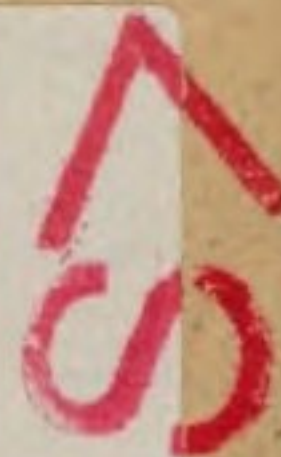
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FAUSTUS.

FAUSTUS:

FROM THE GERMAN

OF

GOETHE.

LONDON :

BOOSEY AND SONS, 4, BROAD-STREET, EXCHANGE,

AND

RODWELL & MARTIN, NEW BOND-STREET.

1821.

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ROBERT SCHUMANN
OP. 10, No. 1, in G major, for piano

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1851



Introduction.

THE "Faust" of Goethe is considered one of the most original productions of the German drama. It is not modelled in the form of a regular play, neither does it seem adapted for scenic representation; but it is said to have been written for the performance of puppets. The tale on which it is founded is not new to our language: the *Devil* and *Dr. Faustus* are the heroes of nursery romance, and have been elevated to a higher distinction in the "Tragicall Historie" of Christopher Marlowe, a genius who delighted to soar above ordinary fiction into regions of wonder and dismay, and of whom it would be difficult to determine whether his talents best suited his subject, or whether such a subject was best suited to his talents. Marlowe's play is too well known to require more particular mention here, and it would be idle to attempt drawing any comparison between it and the "Faust" of Goethe, as the two pieces have

nothing in common besides the adoption (as a plot) of the popular fiction, which tradition has strangely enough attached to a German printer. The main-spring, which originates the interest in both, rests upon common associations, that connect the world of spirits with our humbler sphere of existence ;—associations which are, perhaps, little more than the relics of sensations impressed on the memory by the fears of childhood. The Principle of Evil is delineated by Goethe with great skill. He is abject in seducing, diligent in ensnaring, cruel and remorseless in punishing his victim : in human shape he is yet distinguished from his mortal companion by the total want of personal interest which he takes in the scenes through which they pass, and by the bitter, scornful, yet uncomplaining tone of his remarks. Faustus is a singular compound of strength and weakness. He is daring and timid by turns ; ambitious and irresolute ; not wholly vicious, yet far from virtuous : he despises the power of the demon to whose arts he yields himself a willing prey, and half detects the snares laid for his destruction. Margaret is the only character for whom we feel undivided interest ; she is entangled in the web of temptation, which the fiend has woven to catch the proud soul of his confident disciple ; she is betrayed into crime through the kindest of

affections: the potion which destroys her mother is unwittingly administered by her hand, and the murder of her child may be supposed to take place in a moment of insanity. Her doom is not, therefore, final. She is punished on earth, but experiences the grace of a repentant sinner.

It is not pretended that the following pages contain a full translation of this celebrated drama. The slight analysis drawn up as an accompaniment to Retsch's Outlines being out of print, the Publishers felt desirous to supply its place with a more careful abstract of "Faust," which, while it served as a book of reference and explanation for the use of the purchasers of the plates, might also possess some claims to interest the general reader as an independent publication. With this view the most striking passages and scenes of the original have been translated into blank verse, and connected by a detailed description in prose, in which the writer has aimed at nothing more than to render the progress of the plot clearly understood. Some parts are omitted which, it was thought, would be offensive to English readers, from the free, and occasionally immoral tendency of the allusions which they contain: other parts of the scene have been thrown into narrative, where the difference of taste subsisting between the two nations would have rendered a clear trans-

lation of that which in Germany is considered sublime, in our language ludicrous: the general features of the whole have, nevertheless, been endeavoured to be preserved. The original is written in a great variety of metres, but in confining himself to blank-verse in all parts of the play except those which are strictly lyrical, the translator believes that he has adopted the only measure that would enable him to imitate the tone, without sacrificing the sense of his text.

“Faust” is preceded by a prelude, between the manager, author, and a kind of merry fellow or clown. This is nothing more than an introductory dialogue, like that to Gay’s “Beggars’ Opera,” and as it bears no relation to the plot of the piece, has not been translated. For a different reason the prologue has also been passed over: it carries the scene to heaven, whither Mephistopheles ascends for the purpose of obtaining permission to tempt Faustus; and, both in conception and execution, is repugnant to notions of propriety such as are entertained in this country.

FAUSTUS.

TIME.—*Night.*

SCENE.—*A high-arched narrow Gothic Chamber.*

FAUSTUS *seated at his desk : he appears in a state of restlessness.*

SOLILOQUY.

FAUST.—Now I have toil'd thro' all ; philosophy,
Law, physic, and theology : alas !
All, all I have explor'd ; and here I am
A weak blind fool at last : in wisdom risen
No higher than before : Master and Doctor
They style me now ; and I for ten long years
Have led my pupils up and down, thro' paths
Involv'd and intricate, only to find
That nothing can be known. Ah ! there's the thought
That wastes my heart away ! 'Tis true, most true,
That I am wiser than that silly herd—
Doctors and magisters, and priests and scribblers :
No scruples startle me, no doubts perplex me,
Nor shrink I at the thought of hell or devil :
Therefore has joy departed from me ; now
No sweet imaginings of hoarded blessings,
Which knowledge guards the key of—no bright hopes
Of mending or enlight'ning dull mankind

Beam on my darkling spirit. Wealth, or rank,
Or worldly honours, I have none :—a dog
Would loathe such base existence : therefore have I
Given up my soul to magic, and essay'd
If from the lips of spirits I could gather
Secrets worth learning, that I may no more
In bitterness of heart attempt to teach
What my mind cannot grapple with, but fathom
The secret places of the earth, and trace
The seeds of things before they burst to being,
Nor deal in words alone. O, thou pale moon !
Would that those beams of beauty were the last
Should visit these sad eyes ! thou, who so oft
Bright'ning my vigils, with the learned page
Hast shar'd my adoration, would that I
Could by thy sweet light, wander on the tops
Of the far hills, in mountain-caves converse
With hov'ring spirits, flit o'er twilight meads,
And bathing in thy dew, free from the thirst
Of knowledge, live in peace again ! Alas !
Still am I rooted, chain'd to this damp dungeon,
Where thro' the painted glass ev'n heav'n's free light
Comes marr'd and sullied, narrow'd by dark heaps
Of mould'ring volumes, where the blind worm revels—
Of smoke-stain'd papers, pil'd ev'n to the roof—
Glasses and boxes—instruments of science—
And all the old hereditary lumber
Which crowds this cheerless chamber. This is then
Thy world, O Faustus ! this is called a world !
And dost thou ask, why thus tumultuously
Thy heart is throbbing in thy bosom ? why
Some nameless feeling tortures ev'ry nerve,
And shakes thy soul within ? Thou hast abjur'd

The fair fond face of nature, ever beaming
With smiles on man, for squalid loathsomeness,
Dank vapours, and the mould'ring skeletons
Of men and brutes : away ! away ! is not
This wondrous volume, by the pow'rful hand
Of Nostrodamus penn'd, society
Sufficient for thy soul ? There thou canst learn
To trace the starry course, and if instructed
By nature, she will strengthen thy mind's pow'rs,
Till thou hast learn'd to hold with her high converse,
As spirits speak with spirits. But in vain
Would human wisdom read these holy symbols :
Ye teaching spirits, ye are hov'ring near me !

[He opens the book and sees the sign of Macrocosmus.]

Ha ! what delight does in a moment fill
My senses at this sight ! I feel at once
The renovated streams of life and pleasure
Bubble thro' every vein. Was it a god
Who wrote this sign ? it stills my soul's wild warfare ;
Fills my lost heart with joy, while some strange impulse
Tears down the veil from nature's mysteries,
And lays them bare before me. 'Tis most strange :
Am I a god ? It seems so palpable ;
I see in these clear signs the hidden workings
Of nature all reveal'd. Now do I know
The wise man's meaning, when he said, " The world
" Of spirits is not closed : thy sense is dull :
" Thy heart is dead. Arise, my son, arise !
" Faint not ! but in the redness of the morning
" Bathe thy earth-sullied bosom."

[He considers the sign with attention.]

How divinely
Are all things blended ! how each lives and moves
But with the rest ! how heav'nly powers descend,

And re-ascend, balancing reeling worlds ;
 And from the winnowing of their radiant wings,
 Scatter eternal blessings ! how they press
 From heav'n to earth, and ever in their course
 Utter immortal harmony ! How bright !
 How splendid an illusion ! but, alas !
 Illusion only ! Oh ! how may I gaze
 Upon thee, boundless nature ? where embrace thee ?
 Ye fountains of all life, whose living tides
 Feed heav'n and earth ; the wither'd bosom yearns
 To taste your freshness ! Ye flow sparkling on,
 And yet I pant in vain.

*[He turns over the book with marks of dissatisfaction,
 and perceives the sign of the SPIRIT of the EARTH.]*

How diff'rently

Does this sign move me ! SPIRIT of the EARTH !
 Thou art allied to me. I feel already
 My pow'rs increase. Already do I glow
 As if with wine. I feel unusual courage
 To venture forth into the world, to bear
 The bliss of earth, the woe of earth ; to plunge
 Amid the howling tempest, and to dare
 The shipwreck undismay'd. Clouds gather round me—
 The moon conceals her light—now the lamp trembles,
 Expires—red beams of light play round my head—
 A shiv'ring feeling from the roof descends,
 And seizes on each sense—I feel thee near,
 Spirit, whom I invok'd ; thou hov'rest near me :
 Reveal thyself ! Ah ! how my heart is torn—
 How all my senses labour with new feelings—
 I feel my whole heart given to thee. Appear !
 Thou must, thou must, tho' my life pay the forfeit !

*[He seizes the book and pronounces mysteriously the
 sign of the SPIRIT.—A red flame appears, and the
 SPIRIT in the flame.]*

SPIRIT.

Who calls me?

FAUSTUS, (*turning away.*)

Fearful sight!

SPIRIT.

Thy potent bidding

Compels me hither from my distant sphere.

And now—

FAUSTUS.

Alas! I cannot bear thy sight.

SPIRIT.

Anxiously, fervently thou didst desire
To see me face to face—to hear my voice—
To gaze upon my countenance: the yearnings
Of thy soul brought me hither. I am here!
What pitiful weakness has seized on thee now?
Where's the stout heart which did within itself
A world create, and which from earth aspiring,
Would with the bodiless creation blend
Its grosser essence? Where, where art thou, Faustus?
Thou whose voice I have heard; whose spirit press'd
Until it reach'd to mine. And art thou he?
Thou whose whole frame, whose ev'ry power is shaken,
By my mere breath: a fearful crawling worm
Coiling itself in dust.

FAUSTUS.

Thou form of flame!

Shall thy sight blanch my cheek?—No! I am he,
Faustus, thine equal!

SPIRIT.

In the floods of life, in the tempests of action,
Up and down I rave;
Hither and thither in motion;
Birth and the grave,
An unbounded ocean—

A changing strife—
 A kindling life—
 At the rustling loom of Time I have trod,
 And fashion'd the living vesture of God.

FAUSTUS.

Thou active spirit, circling the wide world,
 How near allied I feel myself to thee !

SPIRIT.

Thou'rt like the spirit whom thy fancy paints,
 And not like me. *[Vanishes.]*

FAUSTUS.

Proud Spirit ! not like thee !
 Read'st thou God's image on my brow, yet say'st
 I do not equal thee ?

A knocking is heard, which proceeds from Faustus' pupil or amanuensis, Wagner, who enters "in a night-gown and cap, with a lamp in his hand." Faustus evinces great impatience at this interruption, and reluctance to participate in Wagner's insipid society, after the awful conference he has just held with a being of another world ; but finding that Wagner had been attracted by the sound of his voice, in (as he conceived) solitary declamation, he turns the conversation to the subject of eloquence, and expatiates in general terms on the inadequacy of art without the stimulus of natural feeling. The character of Wagner seems designed as a foil or contrast to that of Faustus. He is also a student, but his inquiries are merely human, and he evinces none of his master's anxiety to wander into the field of forbidden speculation :

still he seems overawed and confounded by the more daring spirit of Faustus. The following is the conclusion of their conversation; in which the latter succeeds in convincing his friend of the inutility of human learning:—

WAGNER.

Pardon me; 'tis delight ineffable
For the maz'd spirit to transport itself
Back into former times: mark how the wise
And learned thought in ages past, and see
To what a wondrous height we soar beyond them.

FAUSTUS.

Oh, yes! even to the stars! Alas! my friend,
The ages that are past are unto us
A book with seven seals seal'd; and what you deem
The spirit of the times, is but the spirit
Of a few men, which to our mind's eye shews
The times as in a mirror, and in truth
Oft shews a sight of sorrow. The first glance
Makes the heart sick. We shrink from the dull lumber,
The worthless refuse, which at best contains
Only some great state-action, garnish'd forth
With sage, trite precepts, and such wondrous lore
As fills the mouths of puppets.

WAGNER.

But the world—
Man's heart and soul—surely a little knowledge
Of these things is not valueless.

FAUSTUS.

Yes, knowledge;
What the wise world calls knowledge; yet, who dares
To give it its right name? The few who knew

Aught worth recording, and were fools enough
 To vent their free opinions, what has been
 Their recompense, and their reward?—the stake,
 The faggot, and the cross. I pray you, friend,
 The night is far advanced, and we must now
 Break off our conference.

WAGNER.

Oh! I could wake
 For ever, but to listen to the words
 Of wisdom from your lips. But to-morrow
 Is the first day of Easter; let me then
 Propound a few more questions. I have studied
 With ardour, and 'tis true that I have learn'd
 Much, but my grasping spirit will not rest
 Till it has master'd all. [Exit.

FAUSTUS.

How hope will linger,
 An inmate of the heart, which still, still leans
 On some weak reed; delving with eager haste
 For fancied treasures, and with joy o'erflowing,
 Though it find nought but earth-worms!
 Did the voice
 Of grov'ling human nature dare to mar
 My meditation, when ethereal beings
 Were hov'ring all around me? But, alas!
 This once I thank thee—the most miserable
 Of all earth's children. Thou hast rescued me
 From despair's iron clutches. Ah! the phantom
 Had lineaments so giant-like, methought
 I dwindled to a pigmy. I, the image
 Of God himself, deeming I had, at length,
 Grasp'd Truth's own hand, and was about to gaze
 With eye undazzled on her stainless mirror:

Basking in heav'n's pure light, and earthliness
 Thrown like a worthless garb aside : the cherubim,
 Whose faculties the veins of nature fill,
 Who live the life of gods, I deem'd beneath me.
 My heart was full of hopes unutterable !
 What must my expiation be ? one word
 Of thunder has destroy'd those hopes for ever.
 I may not mete myself with thee, proud Spirit !
 Power had I to compel thee here, but none
 To bid thee stay. Oh ! in that wondrous moment,
 How little and how great I felt myself !
 But thou hast driven me back to the dull lot
 Of blind humanity. Who now shall teach me ?
 What must I shrink from ? what obey ?—this impulse ?
 Alas ! our actions, like our sufferings,
 Impede the course of life.

He proceeds in the same strain of despair,
 feeding the bitterness of his feelings with reflec-
 tions on the objects by which he is surrounded,
 until his eye glances on a phial of poison, and
 he instantly determines on self-destruction. He
 seizes it eagerly, and is raising the poison to his
 lips, when he hears the sound of the town-bells,
 which usher in Easter-Sunday, and, mingling
 with the hosannahs of the people, resounds the
 following :—

Chorus of Angels.

Christ has ascended,
 He sits thron'd in heaven :
 Man's fetters are riven,
 His sins are forgiven,
 His sorrows are ended.

FAUSTUS.

Ha! what deep sound was that? What soft, clear tone
 Wrench from my trembling hand the glass just rais'd
 To reach my lips? Oh! you deep-sounding bells,
 Do you already usher in the morn
 Of Easter's joyful festival? Sweet voices!
 In holy chorus join'd, do ye already
 That song of consolation sing, which once
 Around the midnight grave, from angel lips,
 Peal'd a new covenant of peace?

Chorus of Women.

With spices the sweetest,
 A rich grave we made him;
 And here, heavy-hearted,
 His followers laid him;
 Linen and bandage
 We wrapp'd clean around him:
 Ah! where is he now?
 We have sought, but not found him.

Chorus of Angels.

Christ has ascended!
 They are happy who gave
 Their faith to his grave,
 And his power to save,
 And humbly his rising attended.

FAUSTUS.

Powerful and soft! what seek ye here? ye sounds
 Of heaven! what seek of me, encompass'd round
 With dusk and darkness! Breathe your lovely notes
 To softer hearts. I hear, but have not faith;
 And miracle is faith's lov'd progeny.
 I dare not strive to reach those happy spheres
 Where the glad tidings sound; and yet those notes

On which my infant ear delighted dwelt,
 They woo me back again to life. Oh! once
 In the still sabbath-day, when on my cheek
 The kiss of heaven descended, then those bells
 Full and sonorous in my ear would ring
 Notes such as angels warble. Prayer was then
 Unutterable rapture. Some strange feeling,
 Powerful, yet pleasing, would impel my steps
 Thro' wood, o'er mead, and drew down burning tears—
 While to my sight a new world seem'd reveal'd,
 Better and far, far lovelier. Then, those notes
 Spoke of youth's cheerful sports, of spring's glad hours.
 Memory holds back my hand; around my heart
 She steals her light soft spells. Ring on! ring on!
 Sweet symphonies of heav'n! tears bathe my cheek;
 And I am earth's again.

Chorus of Youths.

The buried One has risen!
 He sits on high,
 Exaltedly,
 Free'd from the grave's dark prison:
 Heav'n's bright and glorious morrow
 Beams on him now,
 While men below,
 Toil thro' earth's night of sorrow.
 He left us here to languish,
 In grief behind;
 Oh! as thou art kind,
 Take pity on our anguish.

A Second Chorus of Angels concludes the scene.

This drama is not divided into acts, but the
 next scene is before the town-gates and in the

neighbouring country. Hundreds of artizans, citizens, their daughters, maid-servants, and the whole idle population of the place are seen swarming forth to enjoy their holiday-sports. They form separate groups, and all utter sentiments characteristic of their stations. The mechanics and labourers propose parties of pleasure, and little journies to favourite spots in the vicinity. Some young women in humble life are looking out for their sweethearts, and are reconnoitred by two students on the watch for amusement. A second pair of females of higher rank stand by observing the motions of the former, and pitying the bad taste of the students. The citizens break forth into invectives against the mayor, others converse on politics. A beggar with his song, and a fortune-teller with her predictions, diversify the scene, and the whole seems designed to exhibit a concentrated view of the popular diversions and manners in the large towns of Germany. The several parties advance and retreat in succession, singing songs and passing rude jokes on each other. Faustus enters with Wagner, and mingles with the crowd: Wagner seems to feel little interest in the scene before him, but the following are the reflections of the former:—

FAUSTUS.

The warm and vivifying glance of Spring
Has melted the cold fetters of the brooks;

Green with the young year's promise is the vale ;
And Winter in his weakness hath withdrawn
To the rough hills. Thence his hoar frost he breathes
Upon the verdant meadow ; yet the sun
Permits him not that one poor trophy, but
Dries up the envious mists, and all things paints
With his own glitt'ring hues ; and even here,
Tho' bare of flowers, the human prospect spreads
In gay and glad profusion. Turn thee hither,
And look back on the city. From the black
And yawning gate, a many-colour'd swarm
Is pressing forth : all here to-day will come
To feel the sun's warm beams. They celebrate
Their Saviour's resurrection : they themselves
Have for a few hours risen above the cares
And miseries, and bus'ness of this world,
From the damp rooms of low-roof'd tenements—
From trades and manual drudgery—from th' oppression
Of beams and roofs—from dark and narrow streets,
And the monastic gloom of churches : all
To bask in heav'n's own brightness. 'Tis a sight
Of joy and wonder. How the active crowd
Sweep thro' the smiling gardens and the fields !
How many merry oars beat on the river,
Distant and near ! behold that boat just starting
Laden almost to sinking. The gay dresses
Gleam in our sight e'en on the fair hill tops.
Already do I hear the joyful hum
Of the glad village. 'Tis the people's heav'n !
And ev'ry loud huzza, which high and low
Conspire to raise, speaks of contented hearts.
Oh ! here I feel that I am human still.

A dance of peasants and a pastoral song succeed. In the interim an old countryman recognizes Faustus, and addresses him in respectful terms, offering him a pitcher, from which the Doctor drinks to the health of the multitude assembled round him. The old peasant relates to the rest how, during the plague, Faustus and his father went from house to house, and administered medicines to the sick at the risk of their lives. They all invoke a blessing on his benevolence, but he tells them—

To bend in gratitude to Him above,
Who prompts the helper, and who sends the help.

Wagner declaims in a strain of pompous congratulation, on the happiness he must experience in reaping such a reward for his charitable exertions, but Faustus motions him to retire to a stone, a little apart from the crowd, and there confesses that neither he nor his father greatly merited these testimonies of respect from the crowd, as during that plague many had fallen victims to his father's nostrums. Wagner consoles him with the suggestion of his own inexperience, being then a mere youth, acting under his father's directions, and Faustus recurs to the description of the wild reveries of his imagination, which his companion does not seem to

understand. The Doctor proceeds with the following admonition to his disciple:—

FAUSTUS.

Thou hast but one desire,
Oh! never learn another. In my bosom
Two spirits are contending, each attempting
To separate from the other. One with strong
But sensual ties is fettering me to earth;
The other powerfully soars, and spreads
Its wings to loftier emprise. Oh! if there
Be spirits hov'ring in the air, who rest
'Twixt heav'n and earth, from your bright seats descend,
And bear me on your happy wings to scenes
Of new and varied being. Were that mantle,
That magic mantle mine which bore the wearer
To distant realms at pleasure, I would not
Exchange it for the costliest garb which e'er
Was wrapp'd round regal limbs.

WAGNER.

Do not invoke
That well known host, whose countless myriads
People the atmosphere, and from all quarters
Swarm arm'd for man's destruction. From the north
With arrow-pointed tongues in clouds they come;
Or from the withering east they press and feed
Upon the spring of life; or from the south
Quick from the burning desert bring with them
Intolerable fires; or from the west
With deluging swarms first charm, then inundate,
Man, fields, and meads alike. They listen readily;
Awake to mischief willingly obey,
Because they willingly deceive; they seem

From heav'n commission'd, and like angels whisper,
When what they breathe in our deluded ears,
Is damnable as hell. But, let us hence :
The sky is grey already, and the air
With ev'ning mists grows cool. Home is the place
Best suited for us now. Why do you stand,
And seem thus bound ? what attracts your notice
In the dusk twilight ?

FAUSTUS.

See'st thou yon black dog,
Scouring thro' fields and stubble ?

WAGNER.

Long ago
I saw him, but he dwelt not in my thoughts.

FAUSTUS.

Consider him well. What do you take him for ?

WAGNER.

For a rough poodle, tracking as 'tis wont,
Its master's footsteps.

FAUSTUS.

But do you observe
How he in spiral circles wheels around us,
Nearer at ev'ry moment, and mine eyes
Are much deluded if his black paws leave not
A track of fire behind them ?

WAGNER.

I see nothing
But a black dog. Some ocular deception
Obscures your senses.

FAUSTUS.

Nay, methinks he draws
Light magic snares around us to enthrall
Our steps hereafter.

WAGNER.

Doubtfully, I think,
And fearfully he jumps around us, seeing
Two strangers for his master's well-known face.

FAUSTUS.

The circle gradually grows narrower :
Now he is near us.

WAGNER.

Do you not perceive
'Tis a dog, and no spectre : snarls and bites,
Lies on his belly, wags his tail, and does
As other dogs do.

FAUSTUS.

Join us : come, come here !

WAGNER.

'Tis a strange dog : stand still, he waits for you ;
Speak, and he jumps upon you : had you lost
Aught, he would soon recover it, and leap
Into the water for your stick.

FAUSTUS.

You're right,
It is a dog ; I see nought that resembles
An evil spirit : 'tis th' effect of teaching.

WAGNER.

A wise man loves the brutes : aptest of scholars,
They win our favour soon.

[Exeunt through the Town-gates.]

SCENE.—*Faustus's Study.**Enter FAUSTUS with the Dog.*

Faustus soliloquizes, in a tone of feeling and sentiment, on the stillness of the night, calming every passion to repose. He is interrupted at intervals by the growling of the Dog, whom he in vain attempts to pacify. He feels a sudden desire to translate a passage from the New Testament, but cannot determine on an expression in his native language sufficiently comprehensive to express the *creating power*.

“In the beginning was *the Word*,” ’tis written;
Here do I stumble: who can help me on?
I cannot estimate “the Word” so highly;
I must translate it otherwise, if rightly
I feel myself enlightened by its spirit.
“In the beginning was *the Mind*,” ’tis written;
Repeat this line, and weigh its meaning well,
Nor let thy pen decide too hastily:
Is it the mind creates and fashions all?
“In the beginning was *the Power*,” it should be;
Yet, even while I write the passage down,
It warns me that I have not caught its meaning:
Help me, then, Spirit! With deliberation,
And perfect confidence, I will inscribe,
At last, “In the beginning was *the Deed*.”

At this juncture the yelling and howling of the Dog increase, and Faustus again commands him

to be quiet, and threatens to expel him. Suddenly he becomes enlarged to an enormous size, and assumes the form of a hippopotamus, whilst without, spirits are heard bemoaning the loss of their comrade. Faustus tries to subdue him with a spell of the four elements; but, finding that charm inefficient, concludes that he is under the dominion of a higher power, and has recourse to this stronger incantation :—

Art thou one who fell,
Deserter from hell?
Then look at this sign,
Whose virtues incline
The legions of hell to obey it.

At this potent bidding the Dog reluctantly issues forth from behind the stove, whither he had retreated, and swells till he appears as large as an elephant, and nearly fills the room. He at length bursts in a cloud of smoke, which gradually dissipates, and discovers Mephistopheles “drest like a travelling student.”

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Wherefore this noise? what can I do to serve you?

FAUSTUS.

This was the kernel then, the dog inclosed;
A travelling student! why it makes me laugh.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

All hail, most learned doctor! I salute you:
In truth, I must confess you made me tremble.

FAUSTUS.

What dost thou call thyself?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That question seems
To me a simple one, from him who lately
Despised the Word.

He, however, at length designates himself as—

A portion of that power,
Whose wills are evil, but whose actions good.

FAUSTUS.

What does this dark enigma signify?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am the spirit who says “nay” to all,
And rightly so; for all that have existence
Deserve that they should perish; so ’twere better
That nothing earthly should enjoy existence.
All, therefore, that you mortals mean by Sin,
Destruction, in a word, what you call Evil,
Is my peculiar element.

The conversation is continued in this strain until Mephistopheles expresses a wish to depart. Faustus wonders that he should meet with any impediment, having free access to the window, door, and chimney, but Mephistopheles explains that there is a slight hindrance, which is no other than a pentagon on the threshold. He got in, ’tis true, because there was a little opening left in one corner.

The dog did nothing note, as in he sprung,
But now the case assumes another shape,
The Devil has no means to make an exit.

FAUSTUS.

But why not make your exit by the window?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It is a rule with spirits and with devils,
By the same way they enter they depart;
The first is a free choice, the last a law.

FAUSTUS.

Hell then, it seems, has laws. I like it well:
With gentry so precise, a solemn compact
May, I presume, be made, and will be kept.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Whate'er we promise you may safely trust to;
We will not bate one jot of the agreement.
But that requires some slight consideration,
So let us speak of it anon more fully;
But, for this time, I beg you earnestly
To let me take my leave.

FAUSTUS.

A moment stay,
And answer a few questions ere we part.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Nay, now release me. I will soon return,
You then may as you please interrogate me.

FAUSTUS.

I did not drag you here. You freely came
And fell into the trap without a bait.
He who has caught the devil should hold him fast,
He may not light on such a prize again.

Mephistopheles then begs permission to entertain Faustus with a display of his art, to which the latter accedes, provided it be an agreeable one. Mephistopheles promises to enchant his

eyes with delightful visions, his ears with harmonious sounds, and his sense of smelling with the most exquisite odours. He summons the spirits over whom he has controul, who obey his commands, and conclude by lulling Faustus with a song into a deep sleep. Mephistopheles dismisses them with this acknowledgment:—

He sleeps ! 'Tis well. Ye tender airy spirits,
Ye have entranc'd him nobly with your songs,
And for this concert bind me still your debtor.
Thou art not yet the man to hold the devil.
Amuse his fancy with some pleasing dream,
And plunge him in a sea of wild conceits,
Whilst I invoke a rat's tooth to gnaw off
The magic obstacle which bars my passage.

As lord of rats, and mice, and all reptiles, he then summons a rat, by whose aid the angle of the pentagon, being moistened with oil, is at length severed. Mephistopheles then takes leave of his sleeping companion, exclaiming,—

Now, Faustus,
Now dream away, until we meet again.

FAUSTUS, (*waking.*)

Am I then once again deceiv'd ? and has
That crowd of hovering spirits all, all vanished ?
Methought I saw the devil in my dream,
And lo ! a little dog sprang forth and left me.

SCENE.—*Faustus's Study.*

FAUSTUS.

Hark ! 'twas a knock : come in : who now is coming
To torture me ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis I.

FAUSTUS.

Come in.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You must

Pronounce it thrice.

FAUSTUS.

Come in then.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

So : 'tis well !

We soon shall be sworn friends. I come to shake
Your fetters from you. Like a gay young lord
I come arrayed in gold and scarlet, wearing
My stiff silk mantle ; in my cap, a plume ;
And my long pointed rapier by my side.
Do you in like array bedeck yourself,
That free and unconfined you may observe
The changing scene of life.

FAUSTUS.

'Tis no matter

What dress I wrap around my limbs : in all
I shall be sensible of man's cramp'd powers
And limited existence. What have I,
(Too old for sport, too young for listlessness,)
To hope for from the world ? " Forbear ! forbear !"
That is th' eternal theme rung in all ears,

And hoarsely sounding thro' each hour of life.
 I wake with horror ev'ry morn, and weep
 To see a day dawn, which will not, midst all
 The anxious flutt'rings of my heart, fulfil
 One solitary wish.

* * * * *

And when night comes, I stretch my tortured bones
 Upon a restless couch—wild dreams affright me—
 The god within me can stir up my soul
 Even from its lowest depths, yet has not power
 To move the world without. Therefore existence
 Is but a burthen to me—death a blessing—
 And life the thing I loathe.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet still is death
 Not quite a welcome guest.

FAUSTUS.

Oh! happy he
 Whose brows Death in the hour of triumph binds
 With blood-stained laurels; happy too is he,
 After the nimble dance, whom he finds lock'd
 Fast in his true love's arms. Oh! would that I
 Had sunk before the awful Spirit's power—
 Entranced, unsouled, absorbed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet there was
 A certain man this night who feared to quaff
 A certain dark brown liquor.

FAUSTUS.

Then it seems
 It has become your pleasure to perform
 The spy's high office.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I am not omniscient,
Yet I know much.

FAUSTUS.

Tho' from my heart's wild tempest
A sweet remembered tone recovered me,
And all my youth's remaining hopes responded
With the soft echo of joys long gone by,
Yet do I curse them all—all—all that captivates
The soul with juggling witchery, and with false
And flattering spells into a den of grief
Lures it, and binds it there. Accursed be
All the proud thoughts with which man learns to pamper
His haughty spirit—cursed be those sweet
Entrancing phantoms which delude our senses—
Cursed the dreams which lure us to the search
Of fame and reputation—cursed all
Of which we glory in the vain possession,
Children and wife, and slave, and plough—accursed
Be Mammon, when with rich and glittering heaps
He tempts us to bold deeds, or when he smoothes
The pillow of inglorious dalliance—
Accursed be the grape's enticing juice—
Cursed be love, and hope, and faith—and cursed,
Above all cursed, be the tame dull spirit
Which bears life's evils patiently.

Chorus of Invisible Spirits.

Woe! woe!
Thou hast destroyed it.—
This lovely world—
Thou hast crushed into ruin!
It totters—reels—and falls:
A demi-god has crushed it!

Mournfully
 We bear its fragments oft to vacancy,
 And weep
 Over its ruined beauty.
 Son of the Earth!
 As thou art powerful,
 In splendour build
 The fabric up again:
 In thy own bosom build it up!
 A renovated life
 Begin with clearer sense,
 And let new songs resound!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Listen: 'tis the humblest band
 Of the spirits whom I command.
 Hear how they, so old and wise,
 To action and to joy advise.
 In the wide world far away,
 To no lonely thoughts a prey,
 Withering both blood and sense—
 Listen, they entice thee hence.

O learn to dally with your misery,
 Which like a vulture feeds upon your heart!
 The very worst society will teach you
 To feel you are a man, with men girt round.
 Still must you not beneath your burthen sink.
 I do not rank among the great, and yet
 With me you are content to spend your life:
 If this be so, then here I bind myself
 Your firm associate, or if you please,
 Your servant or your slave.

FAUSTUS.

And what must I
 Perform in recompense.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

For that you have
A long, long respite.

FAUSTUS.

Nay, nay,—answer me ;
The Devil is an egotist, and ne'er
Does good to others for the love of God.
Let me know the condition. Such a servant
Brings danger to a house.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Then Faustus, here,
Here do I bind myself to be thy servant,
And at thy nod forsake repose and ease :
When in another place we meet hereafter,
Thou'lt do the like for me.

FAUSTUS.

That other place
Gives me but small concern. When thou hast crushed
This world to ruin, let another rise.
From this earth all my sorrows spring ; this sun
Shines upon all my sorrows : once set free
And separate from them, then let the worst
That will and may, betide. I'll hear no more
On such a subject, nor enquire again
Whether beyond the grave man loves and hates,
Or the distinctions of mortality
Exist in yonder spheres.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

With such a feeling
You may proceed. Then bind yourself, and soon
My arts shall minister to your delight,
And I will give thee things which human eye
As yet ne'er feasted on.

FAUSTUS.

What can'st thou give,
 Thou miserable fiend? can man's high spirit,
 Full of immortal longings, be by such
 As thou art, comprehended? Thou profferest food
 Which mocks its eager appetite; yellow gold,
 That melts like quicksilver in the grasping hand;
 Games at which none e'er won; enchanting woman,
 To lean upon my breast, and while she leans there
 Woo with her treacherous smiles another victim,
 To sport and perish in them; and bright honour,
 Object of highest worship, yet a meteor
 Around which darkness closes. No, no, no:
 Shew me the fruit that withers ere 'tis plucked,
 And trees that day by day their green renewing,
 Bloom in perennial beauty.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Thou demandest
 Hard things, and yet I shrink not. Thou shalt have
 The treasures which thou seekest; but, my friend,
 The hour is coming when we may enjoy
 All that is good, in safety.

FAUSTUS.

Would that I
 Could but for one short moment rest in peace,
 Tho' the next should destroy me. Could you, by
 Flattery or spells, seduce me to the feeling
 Of one short throb of pleasure; let the hour
 That brings it be my last. Take you my offer?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I do accept it.

FAUSTUS.

Be the bargain ratified!
 And if at any moment I exclaim

“ Linger, still linger, beautiful illusions,”
Then throw me into fetters ; then I’ll sink,
And willingly, to ruin. Ring my death-knell ;
Thy service then is o’er ; the clock may pause,
And the hand fall, and time be mine no longer.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Think of your contract well ; ’twill be remember’d.

FAUSTUS.

You’re fully authorized. I have not rashly
Plighted my vow. Remorseless fate has doom’d me
To be a fettered slave. What matters it,
Or thine, or whose ?

Mephistopheles then requires the contract to be written and signed with blood, to which Faustus assents, declaring that he is weary of human knowledge, dissatisfied and disgusted with his state and occupation ; that he looks forward to no enjoyment in future, but that which is to be derived from the practice of magic, and wishes to experience all the feelings, as well of pain as of pleasure, which were divided amongst the whole human species. Mephistopheles tells him that man is not made “ to digest the old and bitter leaven of sorrow,” and advises him to plunge into the vortex of society, and woo the pleasures of sense. Whilst they are discussing this mystical lore, the step of one of Faustus’s pupils is heard on the stairs. Faustus declares that he will not see him, and Mephistopheles offers to sustain the interview in the Doctor’s gown and cap, and in the short interval during which he is

left alone, soliloquizes thus, on the thoughts and condition of his absent disciple.

Yes ; despise
Reason and knowledge ; man's sublimest powers.
Permit thy heart to be by the foul spirit
Hardened in magical delusions ; then
Thou wilt be all my own. Fate has bestowed
A soul upon him that still presses forwards,
And whose unlimited desires outstrip
The joy of dull mortality. I'll drag him
Thro' the world's wilderness—thro' tame inanity :
He still shall sprawl, stop, cleave to me ; the food
For which he thirsts and hungers shall torment
His aching vision, yet elude his lips :
Still, still unsatisfied, he shall in vain
Pant after new delights. Tho' he had ne'er
Bartered his soul to man's eternal foe,
Ruin must have overtaken him at last.

The student enters, and discourses, as he supposes, with his master, on the prosecution of his studies. The Devil seems to please himself by confusing the senses of his auditor with an elaborate survey of the sciences, all of which he treats with equal sarcasm and contempt. Logic, metaphysics, law, and divinity, fall successively under the lash of his satire, until the poor bewildered student protests, that "all seems a dream to him," and begs but one favour, which is, that the Doctor will inscribe a sentence in his album. Mephistopheles writes, and the student reads this inscription :

Eritis sicut Deus, scientes bonum et malum.

He then puts up the book with great reverence,
and retires.

Enter FAUSTUS.

FAUSTUS.

Whither shall we go now?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Whither you please

We will explore the great and little world.

What joy, what benefit, you will experience!

FAUSTUS.

But with this long, grey beard, methinks I want

The easy manners of the world. I cannot

Make this attempt successfully. I never

As yet could learn the happy art of moving

In the world's pageant gracefully. The presence

Of others makes me insignificant.

I shall be ever awkward and ungainly.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

That happy art, my friend, may soon be learned.

So soon as you feel confidence, so soon

The art of life is learned.

FAUSTUS.

How shall we proceed?

Where are your horses, grooms, and carriages?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Look at this mantle! only spread it forth,

And it will bear us through the impassive air.

Take thou nor store, nor srip: a little gas

Which I will presently prepare, will bear us

From the earth nimbly; if we be but light,

We shall mount rapidly. I give you joy
Of your new course of life.

The first picture of life which Mephistopheles presents to the observation of Faustus, is a club of companions singing and drinking in a cellar at Leipzig. These are the easy sojourners in the land of existence, who, as the demon remarks, “move in a narrow circle, like kittens hunting their own tails.” Faustus and Mephistopheles are welcomed by the revellers, who nevertheless seem struck with the strange shape and halting gait of Mephistopheles, on which they pass some jokes, and ask him to sing them a song. He complies, and says he would drink if they had better wine to give him. He offers, however, to supply them with some of the best wine from his own cellar, if they will bring him a gimblet. They get one, and he tells each to choose the wine he prefers, requesting also some wax, to serve for stoppers. Mephistopheles then bores a hole in the table, opposite the spot at which each person is seated, and stops all the holes up with the wax, repeating with strange ejaculations the following spell :

Grapes does the vine bear ;
Horns does the goat wear ;
The vine is wood, tho' wine is juice,
This wooden table can wine produce ;

Here a lesson profound of Nature receive,

Here is a miracle only, believe.

Now draw the corks, and make merry.

They draw the corks, and each has the wine he longed for. Mephistopheles warns them not to spill a drop. They drink immoderately. Meanwhile Mephistopheles desires Faustus to observe the boors, and he will see them punished for their bestiality. One of the party carelessly lets some of his wine fall on the ground: it turns to fire, but Mephistopheles appeases the flame with this charm, "Be quiet, friendly element." The boors, who by this time are pretty well advanced in liquor, begin to quarrel with Mephistopheles. Another unlucky guest draws one of the waxen stoppers from the table, and fire flies in his face. He shrieks with the pain; the whole company unsheath their knives, and approach Mephistopheles, who with a solemn voice and gesture, pronounces—

False word and face,

Change sense and place;

Be here and be there.

They stand amazed and look at each other. A momentary frenzy and mental delusion seize them: they imagine themselves transported to a vine-yard, and each, imposed upon by a ludicrous deception, seizes his neighbour's nose, and pre-

pares to cut it off, mistaking it for a bunch of grapes.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Delusion from their eyes the spell withdraw,
Remember, how the devil sported with you.

He vanishes with Faustus. The boors release each other, and express their mutual astonishment.

Faustus is then taken with Mephistopheles in search of the elixir of life. With the view of discovering this, they explore

A WITCH'S KITCHEN.

On a low hearth a large cauldron stands over the fire. In the smoke which arises from it several figures appear. A female cat-monkey is sitting by the cauldron, skimming it, and watching, lest it should boil over. A male cat-monkey, with the young ones, sits near, warming itself. The walls and roof are covered with the strange furniture of a witch's habitation. Faustus is disgusted with this scene of witchcraft, and still more at the uninviting appearance of the liquid contained in the cauldron. He desires recourse to be had to some other means of renovating life. The devil declares that he knows of no other, except the natural specifics of air, regimen, diet, and hard labour. This is too groveling a process for one who strives to match him-

self with spirits. "But why," he enquires, "cannot you prepare the draught yourself?" The answer is ready:—'tis the work of time, and requires the patient care of the hag, who possesses the knowledge of its singular and marvellous ingredients. Mephistopheles directs the attention of Faustus to the familiars, half monkeys, and half cats. There is a demi-human intelligence in their behaviour and language, which are nevertheless ludicrously absurd. Mephistopheles enquires after their mistress. They answer in a confused jingle of rhyme—

She feasts away
From home to-day,
Up at the chimney's top.

Faustus again testifies his disgust, when the male monkey crawls up to Mephistopheles, and fawns upon him, making an almost unintelligible demand for money. The young animals are meanwhile amusing themselves with rolling a large ball or globe, backwards and forwards, the old monkey uttering a wild comment on their sport, of which the following is a part :

Like that ball
Does earth rise and fall,
And keep rolling rolling around ;
Like glass it jingles,
Like that in dust mingles,
And 'tis hollow beneath the ground.

This mumminery continues, until Faustus, who has been standing before a mirror, approaches it, and then hastily retreats, exclaiming :

What do I see ? what heavenly form is that
Reflected on yon magic mirror's surface ?
O love ! the swiftest of thy pinions lend,
And bear me to her presence. Wonderful !
When nearer I approach, and leave the spot
Where I now stand entranced, as in a mist
I trace her lovely form. Fairest of Women !
And can it be that Woman is so fair ?
Oppressed and fetter'd by this baser form,
Gaze I on all the beauty heaven contains,
Or is there aught so excellent on earth ?

Mephistopheles mocks his transport, and as Faustus still remains with his eyes rivetted on the illusion, the devil throws himself into a chair, and sports with the animals. These exhibit several extraordinary antics, and present him with a crown, which they immediately drop on the ground and dash to pieces.

The cauldron, which during their awkward attempts to ingratiate themselves with Mephistopheles, they had neglected, now boils over, and a great flame darts up the chimney, whence the witch descends with a terrific shriek. She first vents her imprecations on her familiars, and then, perceiving Faustus and Mephistopheles, thus addresses them.

What do I see ?
And who are ye ?
What want ye with me ?
What brought you hither ?
May the fire-pain wither
Your bones together !

She then stirs the cauldron, and sprinkles Faustus, Mephistopheles, and the animals, with flames. The monkeys utter a cry of anguish, but Mephistopheles discovers himself, and sharply reprimands the witch for not recognizing her visitor before. She excuses herself by pleading that she did not observe his cloven foot, and that he was unattended by his ravens. He admits the excuse for once, and informs her that the improvement which has taken place in the world, has extended to the devil : the northern phantom with his tail, claws, and horns, he informs her, is a non-entity ; that he still retains the hoof as a mark of distinction, but disguises his legs as much as possible. He now requires a glass of the elixir for Faustus, which the witch readily gives, first calling Mephistopheles aside, and reminding him that if the stranger drinks unprepared, he will not live an hour. The Devil says there is no danger, for he is a friend.

The witch, making strange gesticulations, then draws a circle, and places several extraordinary implements within it. The glasses begin to jingle, and the cauldron to bubble and simmer.

The witch takes a large book, places the cat-monkeys also within the circle, and gives them a light to hold, resting her book upon them. She motions Faustus to approach her.

She then, with strong emphasis, pronounces a mystical spell, and finally pours out the elixir, which Faustus is about to drink, when he perceives a light flame rise from it. He starts back, but, encouraged by Mephistopheles, at length drains the goblet. The witch breaks the circle; Faustus steps out, and is desired by his conductor not to remain passive, but to keep in constant motion, that the elixir may produce its effect. Faustus still casts a lingering look towards the mirror, but Mephistopheles hurries him away, consoling him with the assurance that he shall soon behold the model of female perfection, but adding, in an under tone, "After the draught you have swallowed, you will soon think every woman a Helen."

SCENE.—*The Street.*

FAUSTUS and MARGARET *crossing the Stage.*

FAUSTUS.

Lovely lady, may I venture to offer you my arm and protection?

FAUSTUS.

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MARGARET.

I am neither a lady, nor lovely, and I can go home without protection.

[*Disengages herself, and Exit.*

FAUSTUS.

By heaven ! this girl is beautiful, more beautiful than any woman I ever saw ; she is so modest and virtuous, although a little pert. Red lips, blooming cheeks—I shall never forget this day ! the manner in which she cast down her eyes is indelibly stamped upon my heart. How quickly she was displeased ! This is quite transporting.

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUSTUS.

Hear me : I must have that maiden.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Which ?

FAUSTUS.

She who has just passed.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She ? She came from her confessor, who has just given her absolution. I listened hard by : she is quite an innocent creature, who had nothing to confess. I have no power over her.

Faustus threatens Mephistopheles to part from him at midnight, if he does not procure her for him that very night. Mephistopheles declares that he dares not use force, but must employ cunning, for which a fortnight at least is requisite, but promises to introduce Faustus into her chamber.

FAUSTUS.

FAUSTUS.

Can we go now ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

It is too early.

FAUSTUS.

Take care, and procure a present for her.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Making presents already ! Bravo ! He gets on. I know many hidden treasures, and many a good spot to search in. I must look about me a little.

[Exit.

TIME.—*Evening.*SCENE.—*A small but neat Chamber ;*MARGARET, *braiding and binding up her Hair.*

MARGARET.

I would give something to learn who that gentleman was whom I met to-day : he had a noble mien, and was certainly of high birth : I could read it in his looks : he would not else have been so presuming.

[Exit.

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES *and* FAUSTUS.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Come in, softly, come in.

FAUSTUS, *(after a short pause.)*

Pray leave me alone.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *(prying about.)*

Not many maidens are so neat.

[Exit.

FAUSTUS, (*looking around.*)

Hail, thou soft twilight, sweetly hallowing
This sanctuary. Pleasing pain of love,
Pierce to my inmost heart, which still is feeding
On Hope's soft dew. A lovely stillness seems
To reign within this chamber. 'Tis th' abode
Of order and content. Oh! there is wealth
In poverty like this, and happiness
Can dwell within a dungeon.

He continues in this train of meditation until
Mephistopheles re-enters.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Quick! I see her coming below.

FAUSTUS.

Away! away! I ne'er will leave this spot.

Mephistopheles produces a casket, which he places
in the cupboard. He then again urges Faustus
to depart, which the latter at length consents
to do.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter MARGARET bearing a Lamp.

MARGARET.

How close and sultry it is here! (*Opens the window,*)
and yet it is not warm without. I feel I know not how.
I would my mother were come home. A shivering runs
through my whole body. What a foolish fearful girl I
am!

She sings a ballad, undressing at the same time. She then opens the cupboard to put by her clothes, and discovers the casket of jewels.

MARGARET.

How did this beautiful casket come here? I am sure I locked the cupboard. 'Tis very wonderful. What can be in it? Perhaps somebody left it as a pledge, and my mother has lent some money upon it. There is a small key tied to it; I think I will open it. What is this? Heavens! look here. I never saw any thing like it. Jewels! A noble lady might wear these on the gayest holiday. How would this chain become me? To whom can all this finery belong?

*[She decorates herself with the jewels,
and walks before the glass.]*

I only wish these ear-rings were mine. I look quite another thing with them on. What avails beauty, young girls? It is very well, but that's all. You are praised and pitied with the same breath. All hunt after gold. All depends on it. Alas! we poor maidens.

SCENE.—*A Public Walk.*

Enter FAUSTUS in deep meditation, and to him

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Mephistopheles pretends extreme vexation, and Faustus desiring to know the cause, the former acquaints him that Margaret's mother had

discovered the jewels ; that being convinced they had been left for an unworthy purpose, she had obliged her daughter to make an offering of them to the virgin ; and that with this intent she had sent for her confessor, and delivered the casket into his hands. Faustus enquires how Margaret bore the loss of her finery. Mephistopheles answers that she was very unwilling to part with it, and adds that now

Uneasily she sits,
Nor knows she what she wants, or what desires ;
Thinks of the precious jewels morn and night,
But thinks still more of him who sent them to her.

Faustus expresses compassion for her mortification, and directs Mephistopheles to procure for her another casket more splendid than the first, and to continue to pay court to the convenient neighbour, Martha. With these injunctions he departs.

MEPHISTOPHELES, *solus*.
So fond a fool would blow into the air
Earth, sun, and moon, and all the heavenly bodies,
As a mere pastime to amuse his love.

[*Exit.*

SCENE.—*Neighbour Martha's Dwelling.*

Martha is discovered in tears. She laments the state of uncertainty she is in with respect to the fate of her husband, who has abandoned her, and whom she believes to be dead. She expresses a wish to have a certificate of the fact of his death, to set her mind at rest. Margaret enters with the second casket, which she has just found, and brought to shew to her friend Martha. The latter advises her not to inform her mother, lest she should transfer this casket also to the confessor. Margaret is half wild with joy at the sight of so many brilliant ornaments. She tries them on, and looks at herself in the glass; but one cause of mortification still remains; she cannot wear them in the streets, or exhibit them at church for fear of her mother's anger. Martha invites her to call upon her frequently, when, she says, they can admire them together; she suggests that some opportunity may offer for displaying them; some festival may take place, at which she can bring them out singly, and thus elude observation. Whilst they are engaged in conversation, Mephistopheles enters, and enquires for Martha by her name. Martha discovers herself, and Mephistopheles takes her aside, declaring that he has something of importance to communicate, but that he is reluctant to intrude in the

presence of Margaret, whom he pretends to take for a young lady of quality. The garrulous old woman immediately communicates his mistake to Margaret, who seems flattered by it, but informs him that she is of but humble birth and that the jewels which she wears do not belong to her. Mephistopheles politely observes that it was not the jewels, but the dignity of her appearance, which occasioned his error. He then informs Martha that her husband is dead, and desired to be remembered to her with her latest breath. Martha bursts into tears. Margaret attempts to console her, and Mephistopheles begs her to listen to the conclusion of the melancholy tale. "Her husband," he adds, "lies buried in consecrated ground, attached to Saint Anthony's church at Padua." She enquires if he had sent her any thing. "Yes," rejoins Mephistopheles, "one strict injunction, to cause three hundred masses to be said for his soul ; for the rest my pockets are empty." Martha is offended that he did not send her a keep-sake, and is still more so when she learns that he attributed his desertion of home to the usage he received from her, and that he had spent all he gained upon a fair damsel at Naples. Mephistopheles advises her, when the term of mourning is expired, to look out for another husband. He sportively makes her a half-offer of himself, but perceiving that she is "nothing loath," says aside, "now it is

time to be off; she would tie the devil himself to his word." He turns to Margaret—

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What is the state of your heart?

MARGARET.

What do you mean, Sir?

MEPHISTOPHELES, (*aside.*)

A good girl—quite innocent.—(*aloud.*)—Ladies! Farewell!

Martha begs him, as he is going, to procure for her a certificate of the time and manner of her husband's death and burial, in order that she may have it inserted in the Weekly Gazette. Mephistopheles observes that the testimony of two witnesses is requisite, and offers to bring a friend of his with him who will willingly depose to the fact before the proper tribunal. He expatiates on his friend's courteous manners. Margaret makes a timid remark, and Martha concludes the conversation, by stating that they will wait the arrival of their visitors that evening in the garden.

SCENE.—*The Street.*

Enter FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUSTUS.

How now can it be done? Shall we succeed, and speedily?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis well: I find you hot.

Margaret will soon be yours; for at the house
Of her near neighbour, Martha, who seems born
To play the procuress, we shall this night see her.

FAUSTUS.

'Tis well.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yet something still will be required of us.

FAUSTUS.

One service well deserves another.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

We must give valid evidence that the body
Of Martha's husband rests in holy ground
At Padua.

FAUSTUS.

A rare project truly: we must make
The journey first.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Sancta simplicitas!

There is no need of that: you can depose,
Tho' you know nought about the fact.

FAUSTUS.

If you

Have nothing better plann'd than this, the project
Must be abandoned.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Oh, most pious man!

Has this become a stumbling-block? Would this

Be the first moment of your life in which
You've borne false witness? Did you never give
Sage definitions of God—earth—and all
That dwells therein;—of man, and every impulse
Of head and heart; all given positively
With unseared conscience and unblushing front?
Yet weigh the subject duly; you'll confess—
You had as little knowledge of these things
As of this good man's death.

FAUSTUS.

Devil! thou art,
And will be still a sophist and a liar.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, yes! if that were all I knew. Will you not,
Honourable as you call yourself, to morrow
Delude poor Margaret, and swear you love her
Even from your very soul.

FAUSTUS.

Aye, and swear truly.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis wond'rous well: and then you'll add love, truth,
Eternal truth, and passion uncontrollable.
Will that be truly sworn too?

FAUSTUS.

No more: it will:

When my heart labours with impassioned feelings,
I seek for names to call them by, and find none.
Then do I wander through the world, and catch
Words of high import, and this fire which wastes me
I call eternal, endless, everlasting.
Is that a false and lying trick of hell?

Faustus finally yields to the reasoning of Me-
phistopheles, and they depart together.

SCENE.—*A Garden.*

*Enter MARGARET leaning upon the arm of FAUSTUS—
MEPHISTOPHELES leading Martha.—They walk up and
down.*

The conversation between Faustus and Margaret in this scene, is interrupted at the parts marked with asterisks by another disconnected dialogue between Mephistopheles and Martha, who advance and deliver their sentiments as the former retreat. In this dialogue Martha lays strong siege to the heart of Mephistopheles, who answers in his usual ironical and sarcastic manner.

MARGARET.

I see you put up with my rudeness, Sir,
And in your goodness thus demean yourself,
To make me blush. Travellers are so polite!
I'm well persuaded, to so learn'd a man
My simple prating must be dull indeed.

FAUSTUS, (*kissing her hand.*)

One look from you, one word of yours contain
More than the wisdom of this world.

* * * * *

MARGARET.

Aye, out of sight, and out of mind. Politeness
Yields you full store of compliment, but friends
You have, yes, many friends, who're wiser far
Than I.

FAUSTUS.

Nay, dearest ! what the world calls wisdom,
Believe me, oft is vanity and folly.

MARGARET.

How ?

FAUSTUS.

O ne'er do innocence, and simple virtue,
Know their own value, and their holiest worth.
Sweet modesty and mild humility
Are the most precious blessings which the hand
Of bounteous, lovely Nature, showers down
Upon an earthly head.

MARGARET.

Think of me only for a single moment :
I shall have time enough to think of you.

FAUSTUS.

Are you, then, often much alone ?

MARGARET.

Yes ; for our family is but small ; and yet
Requires attendance : we maintain no servant :
It is my task to cook and tend the house,
Knit, sew, and toil from morn till eventide :
Besides, my mother is so strict and nice,
Not that she need, indeed, be quite so frugal ;
My father left a competence—a small house
And garden ; yet I rarely cease from toil.
My brother is a soldier ; my young sister
Is in her grave : I had much trouble with her,
Yet willingly would I endure it all
Again, I loved her so—even from my heart.

FAUSTUS.

If she resembled you she was an angel.

MARGARET.

One moment stay.—(*She gathers a flower, and plucks the
leaves off one by one.*)

FAUSTUS.

What is that for? a nosegay?

MARGARET.

No, only play.

FAUSTUS.

What play?

MARGARET.

Go to: you'll laugh.—(*She tears the flower, and mutters something indistinctly.*)

FAUSTUS.

What is that you say so softly?

MARGARET, (*half aloud.*)

He loves me—loves me not.

FAUSTUS.

Sweet heavenly countenance!

MARGARET, (*repeating.*)

He loves me—loves me not.—He loves me—not.

(*Plucks the last leaf, and exclaims, with wild delight*)

He loves me!

FAUSTUS.

Yes, yes, my love, and be this flowery omen

To thee an oracle of heaven. He loves thee!

Know'st thou the meaning of these words, "he loves thee?"

He seizes both her hands, but Margaret soon disengages herself, and runs off. He stands a moment lost in thought, and then follows her. Mephistopheles and Martha re-enter.

MARTHA.

Night approaches.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Yes, we must away.

MARTHA.

I willingly would press your stay, but here
Scandal abounds ; here every eye is turned
To watch its neighbour's steps ; even we should not
Escape. But where do our young couple loiter ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

They have just flown away up yonder walk.
A pretty pair of sportive butterflies.

MARTHA.

He seems to be enamoured of the girl.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And she of him—thus runs the world away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.—*A Summer-house.*

MARGARET *comes jumping in, conceals herself behind the door, presses her fingers to her lips, and peeps through the chink.*

MARGARET.

He is coming.

Enter FAUSTUS.

FAUSTUS.

You little rogue, and is it thus you trick me ?
Ha ! have I caught you ?—(*Kisses her.*)

MARGARET, (*returning his kiss.*)

Thou best of men ! I love thee from my heart.

[*Mephistopheles knocks at the door.*]

FAUSTUS, (*stamping with impatience.*)

Who's there ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A friend.

FAUSTUS.

A beast.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Tis time to leave ; we must depart.

MARTHA, (*entering.*)

Indeed, Sir, it is late.

FAUSTUS.

May I not see you home ?

MARGARE

My mother would——Farewell !

MARTHA.

Adieu !

MARGARET.

Soon to meet again.

[*Exeunt FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHELES.*

MARGARET.

Dear me, how wise he is ! I stand before him quite ashamed, and answer “ yes ” to all he asks. I am a very silly creature. I cannot think what 'tis he sees in me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*A Forest and Cavern.*

FAUSTUS.

Oh, thou great Spirit, thou hast given to me
All, all that I desired. Thou hast not turned
Thy beaming countenance in vain upon me.
Thou gav'st me glorious Nature for a kingdom,

The faculty to feel and to enjoy her.
Thou didst not merely grant a cold short glimpse,
But laid her deepest mysteries open to me,
As a friend's bosom. All created things
Thou mak'st to pass before me ; and the beings
Peopling the fragile leaf—the air—the waters—
Are to my sight revealed ; while, when the storm
Howls crackling through the forest—tearing down
The giant pines, crushing both trunk and branch,
And makes the hills re-echo to their fall,
Then to the sheltering cave thou leadest me,
And there layest bare the deep and secret places
Of my own heart. There I may gaze upon
The still moon wandering through the pathless heaven ;
While on the rocky ramparts, from the damp
Moist bushes, rise the forms of ages past
In silvery majesty, and moderate
The too wild luxury of silent thought.
O now I find and feel the lot of man
Is not perfection : with this high delight
Which brings me near and nearer to the gods,
Thou gavest me an associate, without whom
I can exist no more, though insolent
And cold, he humbles me into myself,
And turns thy gifts to nothing with a breath.
With busy malice in my breast he fans
An ardent flame for that bright form of beauty.
Thus from desire I reel on to enjoyment,
And in enjoyment languish for desire.

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Are you not weary of this life ? How long

Can it bestow enjoyment? 'Tis enough
To taste but once, then on to something new.

FAUSTUS.

Would you had other occupation
Than to torment me on a happy day!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, I can leave you to yourself most willingly;
You would not say thus much to me in earnest.
Such a companion, so unkind, so harsh,
So mad, is verily not much to lose.
All the day long my hands have toil'd for thee,
And yet in my lord's looks I n'er can trace
The purpose of his mind—or what he wishes
Accomplished, what untried.

FAUSTUS.

That's the right tone—
Look you for thanks for being wearisome?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Poor child of earth! how would'st thou have dragged thro'
This life without me? Long ago I rescued thee
From the vain phantasms of imagination;
And were it not for me thou would'st ere this
Have ceased to tread this globe. Why dost thou thus
Flit like a weak-eyed owl in caves and clefts?
Why like the toad draw nourishment obscene
From moss and dripping stones? 'Tis fitting pastime—
You have not yet renounced your former calling.

FAUSTUS.

Could'st thou divine what rapturous blissfulness
This wandering in the wilderness imparts,
Thou would'st be devil enough to envy me.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Envy thee what? thy lying on the mountains
Amidst the night-dew? Yearning to embrace

All earth and heaven?—swelling thy pigmy spirit
 In fond imagination to a god's?—
 Rooting from out thee every trace of earth?—
 Feeling a whole week's business in thy bosom,
 And arrogantly grasping unknown bliss
 Till thou seem'st earth's no more; and then the high,
 The wond'rous intuition? (*with a grimace.*) I dare not
 Proceed.—

FAUSTUS.

Fye on you!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

You're displeased,
 And you must utter now the well-bred “fye.”
 We must not whisper to chaste ears of that
 Which chaste hearts can't dispense with. Briefly, then,
 I grant you now and then the bliss of lying,
 But it must not last long. You have been sinking
 Into your former state, and soon will be
 As wretched as at first. Enough of this;
 Your true love sits at home, and all goes cross
 With her: she cannot root you from her heart;
 She loves you—passionately loves you. Once
 You could return affection, and your love
 Was like a brook swollen with melted snow;
 The brook is shallow now again. Methinks,
 Instead of reigning like a monarch here,
 Amidst the woods and wilds, 'twere well if you
 Would stoop your greatness to the poor fond girl
 Whose heart is breaking for you. Time seems long,
 Piteously long to her, and at her window
 She stands and gazes at the busy crowd
 Upon the town walls. “Would I were a bird!”
 That is her song from morn till eventide;
 And sometimes she is cheerful—oftener sad;

Tears then will fill her eyes, and then again
A seeming calmness fills her heart, but love
Is its unwearied inmate.

FAUSTUS.

Serpent ! serpent !

MEPHISTOPHELES, (*aside.*)

Aye ; I shall catch you yet.

FAUSTUS.

Cursed villain !

Begone : name not that lovely creature :—do not
Invite my half infuriated senses
To wish her mine again.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What then must be
The sad result ? She thinks you have forsaken her ;
And so you have almost.

FAUSTUS.

Nay, I am near her ;
And were the winds and waves a barrier 'twixt us,
I never can forget her, ne'er forsake her.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Well, my friend, often have I envied you
Beneath the roses, like two twins embracing.

FAUSTUS.

Away, base Pandar !

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Ah ! you abuse me : I must laugh.
Now 'tis great pity—you shall once more enter
Her chamber, not to death.

FAUSTUS.

What joy,
What heavenly joy is in her arms ! Oh ! let me
Repose upon her bosom : do I not
Participate her woe ? Oh ! am I not

The fugitive—the houseless wanderer—
The wild barbarian without an object?
Or like a cataract that from rock to rock
With eager fury leaps heralding ruin;—
And she with childlike passions undisturbed
In her own little cottage, girt around
With smiling fields, rested, without a wish
Beyond that narrow world? But I, th' abhorred
Of God, was not content to seize the rocks
And beat them into fragments, but even her,
And her young mind's sweet peace I undermin'd,
And made a ruin there. Hell, take thy victim!
Help me, thou Devil, to cut short these hours
Of torture! Let what must be, be at once!
May her fate overwhelm me—when I sink
Let her sink with me!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

How you foam and rave!
Go in, fool, and console her. Your weak fancy,
When it cannot perceive the outlet, thinks
The end is come at once. Long live the brave!
Now, Faustus, thou art well nigh demonized:
There is nought more ridiculous than this—
A Devil that despairs.

SCENE.—MARGARET'S *Chamber*.

MARGARET, *at her Spinning-Wheel*,

SINGS.

My peace of mind's ruin'd ;
 My bosom is sore,
 I ne'er meet him now,
 I shall ne'er meet him more.

Where he is not present,
 A dark grave I see ;
 The universe round
 Is a prison to me.

My poor shatter'd reason
 Is quickly departing ;
 And my poor foolish heart
 With sorrow is smarting.

My peace of mind's ruin'd ;
 My bosom is sore ;
 I ne'er meet him now,
 I shall ne'er meet him more.

I open my window,
 And watch for him there,
 I go forth and wander,
 And search every where.

His firm stately tread,
 His form, manly and high,
 The smile on his lip,
 And the fire of his eye :

And his eloquent tongue
 Dropping accents of bliss,
 His hand's gentle pressure,
 And, ah ! me, his kiss.

My peace of mind's ruin'd,
My bosom is sore,
I ne'er meet him now,
I shall ne'er meet him more.

My wild bosom swells
At the thought of his coming,
Oh! could I but clasp him,
And keep him from roaming;

And give him one kiss,
As I should then so madly,
And receive but his kisses,
I would die then, how gladly!

SCENE.—MARTHA'S *Garden*.

MARGARET *and* FAUSTUS.

MARGARET.

Promise me, Henry.

FAUSTUS.

I promise whatever is in my power.

MARGARET.

Pray tell me what are your sentiments with respect to religion? You are a perfectly good man, and yet, methinks, you do not much regard it.

FAUSTUS.

Abandon that topic, dearest. You feel that I am kind to you. I would lay down my life for her I love, and will never rob any human being of his faith and his religion.

MARGARET.

This will not suffice, you must believe.

FAUSTUS.

Must I?

MARGARET.

Ah! if I could but prevail on you. You do not venerate the holy sacraments.

FAUSTUS.

I do.

MARGARET.

But still without desiring to partake of them. It is long since you have been to mass or confession. Do you believe in God?

Faustus replies to this interrogatory by one of those mystical definitions of belief in God which characterize the professors of natural religion. Margaret, however, notwithstanding her girlish simplicity, has too much good sense to be imposed upon by general professions of faith calculated to cover any kind of religious creed. She tells him he has no christianity, and, desirous apparently to turn from so unpleasant a subject, she then changes the conversation, and then expresses her dislike to her lover's constant companion, Mephistopheles.

MARGARET.

It has to me been long a source of grief
To meet with you in such society.

FAUSTUS.

How so?

MARGARET.

The man whom you associate with
Is hateful to my sight. In all my life

My heart has never felt so deep a stab
As that man's hideous aspect gives it.

FAUSTUS.

Angel !

Fear him not.

MARGARET.

Oh ! his presence stirs my blood.

I have a kindly feeling for all men,
But greatly as I long to see you, Henry,
I meet him with you, with an inward shudder,
And have a deep conviction he's a villain.
May heaven forgive me if I do him wrong !

FAUSTUS.

In this wide world there must be such as he.

MARGARET.

I would not live with any such as he,
No, not for worlds. When in our house he enters,
He casts around him a malicious glance,
And almost grins—'tis plain he feels for none.
'Tis written on his brow, that human soul
He cannot love : when on thy breast reclined
I feel so easy, fondly confident,
That man's appearance withers every feeling.

FAUSTUS.

Oh ! thou sweet warning angel.

MARGARET.

It o'erpowers

So strongly every feeling of my heart,
That if his presence shocks my sight much longer,
I think 'twill stifle even my love for you.
When he is near, I have not power to pray ;
That thought alone disturbs my peace of mind.
I think that you must feel as I do, Henry.

FAUSTUS.

Nay, nay, my love, 'tis nought but prejudice.

MARGARET.

I must away.

Faustus here intreats her to admit him to her chamber. He offers her a liquid, three drops of which, he says, will seal her mother's eyes in sleep, and then he may steal in unobserved. She demands to be assured that it will have no other injurious effects, and he gives her that assurance. The result is easily divined. Margaret administers the potion, that she may indulge her licentious passion. The mother sleeps, never to rise again. Margaret becomes pregnant, and the fiend exults over the ruin he has achieved.

The next SCENE is at the Fountain.

Margaret and Betty enter with their pitchers, to fetch water from the spring. The latter enquires if Margaret has heard what has happened to their companion Barbara. She tells how that unfortunate girl has been seduced and abandoned. She has no pity for her, but Margaret seems deeply impressed with the affecting tale; and, as she returns solitarily to her home, she applies it to her own situation, and is struck with

remorse of conscience when she reflects on what she has been and now is.

MARGARET, (*Soliloquy.*)

Alas ! how sternly I could once reproach
When any poor young maid had gone astray ;
To expose another's sins, my ready tongue
Could scarce find words enough to vent its spleen !
In vain they blamed ; when all of blame was said,
Methought the crime was hardly blamed enough.
How did I bless myself, and raise my head,—
And now behold me pale with sin myself !
But oh ! the cause that urged me to transgress,
How dear it was ! O Heavens ! how beautiful !

The FAUSSE-BRAYE.

In a niche in the wall is an image of the
Mater Dolorosa : before it are some flower-pots ;
Margaret places fresh flowers in the pots.

HYMN.

Oh ! do not scorn her,
Heavenly mourner,
Who prays thee to behold her woe ;
Pierced through his side,
With sufferings tried,
Thou saw'st thy son's last pangs below.

Then to the father turned'st thine eyes ;
Thy piteous sobs, thy piercing sighs
Rose up for his, and for thy woe.

None can conceive
How deep I grieve,
And how pain shoots thro' every bone ;
How my poor heart in throbs expires,
How trembles still, and still desires,
Thou only know'st, thou know'st alone.

Where'er, where'er I go,
Woe only, only woe,
Is all that change of place can win me ;
I scarcely feel alone,
I weep, and sigh, and moan,
And my heart bursts within me.

The stand before my window
I dropped a tear upon,
As with fresh flowers I filled it,
When early morning shone.

When through my chamber darted,
The sun's beams 'gan to play,
I rose up broken-hearted,
And sadly watched his ray.

Help ! save from shame, from Death's fell blow !
Oh ! do not scorn her,
Heavenly mourner,
Who prays to behold her woe.

TIME.—*Night.*

SCENE.—*Before MARGARET's Door.*

Valentine, the brother of Margaret, enters. He has discovered his sister's infamy, which has now become the public talk of the town. He thus bitterly laments the loss of honour to her and to himself:—

Oh! when with merry comrades I have sat,
 When many an idle vaunt broke gaily forth,
 And to the flower of maidens many a glass,
 Filled to the brim, has drowned the word of praise;
 Hemmed by the circling throng, I proudly listen'd
 To every trooper's story, and I smiled,
 And stroked my beard, and thought how vain it was.
 Then, raising the full goblet to my lips,
 I said, let every man think as he lists;
 But shew me now, my friends, in all the land,
 A maiden equal to my own dear Margaret,
 A maiden fit to minister to my sister. [forth;
 Done! done! cling, clang, such boisterous sounds broke
 But some more shrewdly said, "the lad is right,
 She is indeed the jewel of her sex,"
 And every foolish praiser was struck dumb—
 And now, by heaven! it is, it is enough
 To make me tear my hair, and dash my brains out,
 Each scurvy fellow turns his nose up at me,
 And pierces, with his bitter taunts, my heart.
 I sit me down, as if I were a criminal,
 And shrink, and start at every random word,

And tho' I have the power to smite the wretches,
Alas! I have not power to say they lie.

At the close of his soliloquy, he sees Faustus and Mephistopheles, approaching cautiously under cover of the night. Faustus describes the state of his feelings:—

How from the casement of yon sacristy,
The ever-burning lamp gleams dimly out,
And casts a fainter, and a fainter ray
Into the darkness which now gathers round it:—
So darkly gleams the ray within my bosom!

Mephistopheles replies in his accustomed ironical manner, declaring that he feels new spirit on the eve of the approaching first of May, which ushers in the festal night of spirits and witches. He plays a serenade on the guitar, and sings beneath Margaret's window. Valentine then comes forward, and with violent invectives assails them both. Mephistopheles desires Faustus to draw his sword, and make a thrust at the young soldier, whilst he parries his blow. The soldier's arm is paralyzed by the demon, and Faustus runs him through the body. He utters a cry of pain, and falls. Mephistopheles hurries Faustus off, and Martha and Margaret appear at the window, alarmed at the cry of the wounded man. A crowd assembles. The two females come forth from the house, and Margaret enquires who it is that lies on the ground.

THE CROWD.

Thy mother's son.

MARGARET.

Almighty Power ! what misery !

VALENTINE.

I'm hurt to death. That is a word soon said,
And sooner still the blow was given that caused it.
Women, why stand ye there, and shriek, and moan ?
Come hither, listen to my parting breath.

He addresses himself particularly to Margaret ; he reproaches her with her shame ; he tells her of the progress of vice, from the first commission of the crime, to the hardened impudence of practised infamy. He describes sin, when first born, as drawing the veil of night over its countenance ; then it may be crushed without resistance. But soon it grows and waxes great, and displays its pale face to the light of day. Strange perversity ! As its visage becomes more hideous, the more it courts notice, and tempts the eye of light. He prophesies that the time will come when she will feel the bitter pangs of remorse—when all will shrink from her touch as from an infected corpse—when she will not dare to flaunt in her golden chain and stand at the altar—when she will no longer captivate in the dance, but shrink into some dark corner, a beggar and a cripple—when heaven may pardon, but earth will heap maledictions on her head. Martha interferes, and entreats him not to burthen his parting soul with calumny, but he indignantly spurns her as

a shameless pandar, and wishes that he had sufficient strength remaining to enable him to inflict on her that vengeance which she merits. Margaret bursts forth into an exclamation of bitter anguish, and her brother utters this mournful admonition, and dies:—

Nay, dry these tears,—'tis now too late to mourn;
Then when you spake the word that yielded honour,
You gave the deepest stab that pierced my heart.
I woo the sleep of death, and go to God,
As best befits a brave man, and a soldier.

SCENE.—*The Cathedral.*

Celebration of Mass.—Organ and Singing.

*A numerous congregation—MARGARET among the rest—an
EVIL SPIRIT standing behind her.*

EVIL SPIRIT.

How different, Margaret, were thy feelings once,
When still a child, and young, and innocent,
Here at the altar's foot with reverence kneeling,
From thy worn book, lisping the daily prayer,
Mixing with infant sports, a thought of heaven!
Margaret, how rests thy mind? What evil lurks
Within thy heart? Didst thou come here to pray
For thy poor mother's soul, who by thy crime

Was plunged in lingering pain ? What blood is this
Which stains thy threshold ? Feel'st thou not within thee
Another proof of sin already stirring,
Another warning of fresh springing torment ?

MARGARET.

Woe ! woe ! oh, that I were released from thoughts
That rise in spite of me, and 'whelm my soul
In one wild ocean of despair !

THE CHOIR.

*Dies ira, dies illa,
Solvat sæclum in favilla.*

[*The Organ sounds.*

EVIL SPIRIT.

Heaven's wrath pursues thee ; now the trumpet sounds—
The tombs are shaken—and, again created,
Thy heart arises from its ashy bed,
And wakes to fiery tortures.

MARGARET.

Oh ! that I were away from hence. Methinks
The organ drowns my breathing, and the hymns
Sink in my heart, and rend its strings asunder.

THE CHOIR.

*Iudex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.*

MARGARET.

I feel oppress'd ; the pillars and the walls
Close in upon me, and the vaulted roof
Descends to crush me. Air ! a breath of air !

EVIL SPIRIT.

What would'st thou seek to hide thee ? sin and shame
Cannot be hidden. Ask'st thou air and light ?
Woe, woe unto thee !

THE CHOIR.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus ?

Quem patronum rogaturus ?

Cum vix justus sit securus !

EVIL SPIRIT.

The blest avert their faces ; the pure souls
Shrink from extending forth their hands to save thee ;
Woe !

THE CHOIR.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus ?

MARGARET, *(to a bystander.)*

Help, neighbour ! oh ! support me.

[Falls into a swoon.]

The famous Walpurgis-Night, or night of the first of May, is now arrived, and the scene, changing to the Hartz mountains, discovers Faustus, under the guidance of Mephistopheles, pursuing a toilsome journey, climbing up rocks, and threading the labyrinths of this region of magic to the heights consecrated to the celebration of the Witches' Revel. The last breeze of spring blows coldly ; the moon shines dimly above their heads, scarcely distinguishing the projecting boughs and jutting cliffs. Mephistopheles calls an *ignis-fatuus* to light them. It proceeds before them in its usual tortuous course, till it is commanded by the Evil-One to go straight

forward. The travellers join in a wild strain, descriptive of the surrounding objects of wonder—the moving trees—the bending cliffs—the falling torrents and rivulets—the unearthly sounds—and the echo like the voice of other times. Birds of all kinds are still in concert, as if it were day ; reptiles in motion ; knotty trunks stretched out in all directions, twining like serpents, as if to intercept their path ; and swarms of glow-worms sparkling all around. Mephistopheles directs Faustus's attention to the veins of ore glowing in a deep cleft of the mountain ; he scents the approach of the concourse of guests hurrying forward through the air to this great magic festival, and desires his charge to hold fast to the rock, or he will be swept to the precipices below. He thus paints the aspect of the scene before them :—

O'er the night a cloud condenses,
Through the woods a rush commences,
Up the owls affrighted start ;
Listen ! how the pillars part,
The ever-verdant roofs from under,
Boughs rustle, snap, and break asunder !
The trunks incline in fearful forms,
Roots creak and stretch, as torn by storms ;—
In startling, and entangled fall,
Upon each other rush they all,
And through rent clefts and shattered trees,
Now sighs and howls the rushing breeze.

Hear'st thou voices in the air,
Now far distant, and now near?
Yes, the mountain's ridge along
Sweeps a raging, magic song!

The witches then appear in full band, mounted on broom-sticks, pitch-forks, goats, and sows, sailing in troughs, and decorated with all the paraphernalia of their order. They sing a rude measure, the voices of those above, and of those who are making their way up the mountain, mingling in the chorus. Mephistopheles again warns Faustus to be on his guard, lest they should be separated. He recommends him to hold fast to his skirts. The voice of Faustus in reply, sounds from a considerable distance. Mephistopheles perceives the danger to be imminent, and exerts his authority in commanding the throng to make way. He enjoins Faustus to attach himself to him, and leaps out of the rushing population. They approach a detached spot, where many fires are blazing. Mephistopheles displays the all-potent sign, the cloven foot; a serpent recognizes it, and crawls towards him. The two visitants advance from party to party, listen to the converse of each, and gaze on their revels. Mephistopheles suddenly assumes the form of an old man. He points out to Faustus, Lilith, Adam's first wife, distinguished by her beautiful hair. Faustus addresses himself to a fair magician, and Mephistopheles to an old witch. They

lead them forth to dance. Faustus abandons his partner, disgusted by an evidence of her unearthly nature. He describes to Mephistopheles the sight which shocked him, and another object also which has interested him more nearly. The following dialogue passes between them.

FAUSTUS.

Then saw I——

MEPHISTOPHELES.

What ?

FAUSTUS.

Mephisto, dost thou see
A pale fair maid, alone there, standing yonder ?
She moves away but slowly, and her step
Appears constrained, as though her feet were fettered.
Methinks—I must confess the thought that strikes me,
She wears the semblance of my own dear Margaret.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Dismiss the thought ; 'tis merely idle fancy.
That is a form of magic without life.
It is a phantom which thou must not meet :
Her withering glance would chill thy mortal blood,
And turn thee into stone. Thou know'st the tale
Of her of old, Medusa.

FAUSTUS.

In truth those eyes belong to one not living,
Whom human hand may vainly seek to touch ;
But that is like the bosom I have pressed,
And that is the sweet form I have embraced.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

'Tis magic all : thou silly, dreaming fool,
She seems to every lover, like his mistress.

FAUSTUS.

Oh! what delight, and yet, alas! what sorrow!
 I cannot turn my eyes from gazing on it;
 I marvel why that slender scarlet string,
 Not broader than a knife's flat ridge, is twined
 Around its lovely neck.

Mephistopheles turns the whole into a jest, and hurries him away to a little hillock, where an interlude is represented, entitled *Walpurgis-Night, or Oberon and Titania's Golden Nuptials*, which, as it has no connexion with the main plot of the piece, we do not translate.

SCENE.—*The Country.—A gloomy day*.*

FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUSTUS.

In sorrow! in despair! so long and piteously astray, and now in prison! That gentle, hapless creature, cast, like a worthless criminal, into a gloomy dungeon, and reserved for horrid tortures! And is it come to this; to this—de-luding, treacherous demon! This then thou kept'st secret! Aye, roll thy hideous eyes in devilish fury on me. Stand there with thy insufferable front, and brave my anger. In a dungeon! In hopeless wretchedness! To fiends abandoned and her merciless human judges; and all this while

* This Scene is in prose in the original, and is therefore so translated.

hast thou been lulling my attention with thy silly pastimes, concealing from me her increasing woe, and leaving her to perish unrelieved.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is not the first.

FAUSTUS.

Dog! horrible monster! Transform him, thou Eternal Spirit! again transform the reptile to his canine form—that form in which he crept across my path, rolling before the harmless passenger, watching his stumbling steps and clinging to his falling weight. Change him again into his favourite shape, and let him creep before me on his belly, that I may trample him beneath my feet into the dust: the wretch! not the first! Oh! sorrow, sorrow—beyond all human reason to conceive, that more than one created being into so frightful an abyss of misery has been plunged, and that the agonies that one endured, were not in infinite mercy's sight a just atonement for the crimes of all. The misery of this one victim harrows the sense of life within me, and thou—thou lookest with fiendish sneer upon the fate of thousands.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Now we are again at our wit's end, where Man's sense cracks. Why didst thou make a compact with us, if thou canst not go through with it? What, wouldst thou fly, and art not proof 'gainst giddiness? Did we intrude on thee, or thou on us?

FAUSTUS.

Gnash not thy hungry teeth at me! I hate thee. Powerful, glorious spirit, who deign'dst to shew thyself to me, who know'st my heart and soul, why bind me to this vile associate, who feeds on mischief, and exults in ruin?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Hast finished now?

FAUSTUS.

Save her, or woe betide thee! The curse of curses most appalling light for a thousand years upon thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I cannot sever the avenger's bonds, or loose his bolts. Save her? who was it plunged her into ruin—I or thou? (*Faustus looks wildly around.*) Art thou about to grasp the thunder? 'Tis well it was not given to blind mortality. To crush the innocent who fronts his path; that is the tyrant's way to 'scape from difficulties.

FAUSTUS.

Take me to her. She shall, she must be free!

MEPHISTOPHELES.

And yet thy own danger—think of that? know that the guilt of blood, thy hand hath shed, still rests upon the town. Above the grave, where lies the slain, avenging spirits hover and await the murderer's second coming.

FAUSTUS.

That too from thee! the death and the destruction of a world, unholy fiend, light on thee! conduct me to her, I command thee, and release her.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I will conduct thee: hear what I can do! have I all power in heaven and earth? I will entrance the jailor's senses; do thou obtain the key, and, with thy mortal hand, from out the dungeon-walls convey her. I will be waiting near. The phantom-steeds, in readiness, shall bear you off. This I can do.

FAUSTUS.

Away, then—to it.

[*Exeunt.*]

TIME.—*Night.*

SCENE.—*The open Country.*

FAUSTUS and MEPHISTOPHELES mounted on black horses rush by.

FAUSTUS.

What forms are those hovering about the place of execution ?

MEPHISTOPHELES.

I know not what they're doing.

FAUSTUS.

See, they flit up and down—they bend and stoop.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

A witches' meeting.

FAUSTUS.

They are sprinkling now,

Hallowing the charm.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

On, on !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE.—*The Prison.*

FAUSTUS before the dungeon-gates, with a key and a lamp.

FAUSTUS.

A trembling long unfelt assails my limbs,

And all the grief of man now sinks upon me.

There does she dwell, in yonder damp recess ;

Her fault, her only fault—a yielding heart.

Thou tremblest to approach her, and thine eye

Dread'st to behold her once again. Away!

Thou lingerest in thy fear while death is nigh.

*[He seizes the lock. A voice is heard within, singing
a rude ballad, so gross as to indicate insanity.]*

FAUSTUS, *(unlocking the dungeon door.)*

She dreams not that her love is listening near,

Hears the straw rustle, and the fetters clank. *[He enters.]*

MARGARET, *(striving to conceal herself in her straw-bed.)*

Woe, woe! they come: oh! bitter, bitter death!

FAUSTUS, *(softly.)*

Hush, hush! 'tis I: I come to set you free.

MARGARET, *(throwing herself before him.)*

If thou art human, pity my distress.

FAUSTUS.

You will alarm the slumbering jailors: hush!

[He lays hold of the fetters to unloose them.]

MARGARET, *(on her knees.)*

Ruffian! who gave thee this authority,

To bear me off in the still hour of midnight.

Have mercy! let me live a little longer:

Will not the morning's dawn be time enough? *[Rises.]*

Am I too still so young—so young, and must I

Already die? Fair also was I once,

And that has been my ruin; then my love

Dwelt near me: now, alas! he's far away.

My garland is all torn, and every flower

Is scattered: nay, nay, seize me not so rudely!

Spare me! how have I injured thee? Let me

Not supplicate in vain for mercy to thee:

'Tis the first time I e'er beheld thy face.

FAUSTUS.

Can I survive this sight of agony?

MARGARET.

Thou see'st I'm in thy power—then let me only
 Give suck to my poor babe : the whole night long
 I pressed it to my bosom : 'twas stolen from me
 To drive me mad, and now they say I kill'd it.
 No more shall I know joy—no ; they sing ballads
 Upon me ; 'tis unfeeling : there's an old song
 Runs in that strain, how came they to apply it ?

FAUSTUS, *(falling upon his knees.)*

Behold thy lover at thy feet, he comes
 To break the heavy bonds of woe asunder.

MARGARET, *(kneels by his side.)*

O, let us kneel and supplicate the saints !
 See, see ! beneath these steps, beneath this threshold,
 Hell rolls its fires ; and, hark ! the Evil One
 Raves wrathfully, and horribly below.

FAUSTUS, *(aloud.)*

Margaret, Margaret !

MARGARET, *(listens—then jumps up—the fetters fall off.)*

That surely was the voice of him who loved me ;
 Where does he stay ? I hear him call my name.
 I am at liberty ; none, none, shall stay me :
 I fly to embrace, to hang upon his bosom :
 Margaret he called ; he stood upon the threshold ;
 Amid the howling and the din of hell,
 Thro' fiends, dark taunts, and diabolic laughter,
 I know those sweet, those soothing tones of love.

FAUSTUS.

'Tis I !

MARGARET.

And is it thou ? Say it again. [*Embracing him.*]
 'Tis he—'tis he—where are my torments now ?
 Where is the dungeon's horrors, fetters' weight ?
 Thou'rt here ; thou com'st to save me ; I am saved.

Already do I see the street where first
My eyes beheld thee, and the pleasant garden
Where I and Martha waited for thy coming.

FAUSTUS, *(striving to remove her.)*

Come with me; come away.

MARGARET.

Oh! stay a little;
How willingly where thou art would I stay!

FAUSTUS.

Haste; if thou hastenest not we both shall rue it.

MARGARET.

What, not one kiss! and hast thou then forgot
To kiss in this short absence from thy Margaret?
Why on thy bosom do I feel uneasy,
When once thy words, thy looks to me were heaven
Revealed? and then thou strovest to stop my breath
With kisses. Ah! thy lips are cold, are dumb;
Where is thy love? ah! who has stolen it from me?

[turning from him.]

FAUSTUS.

Come, follow me, my love. Take courage, yet
I'll press thee to my heart a thousand times;
But only follow me, 'tis all I ask.

MARGARET, *(turning towards him again.)*

And is it thou? art thou indeed my love?

FAUSTUS.

I am; come on.

MARGARET.

Thou wilt strike off thy Margaret's cruel chains,
And take her to thy bosom. Shrink'st thou not
From my embrace? Knowest thou whom thou free'st?

FAUSTUS.

Come—come—the night already wanes; come on.

MARGARET.

I am my mother's murderer. I have drowned
 My child.—Was it not thine as well as mine?—
 Thine also. Art thou he?—I scarce believe it.
 Give me thy hand. Is it no dream, in truth?
 That hand so dear—but it is moist. Alas!
 Wipe, wipe it off. Methinks there's blood upon it.
 What hast thou done? For heaven's sake sheath that
 sword!

FAUSTUS.

Oh! let the past be past. Thou stabbest me.

MARGARET.

No, thou must stay, while I describe the graves
 Which on the morrow thou must see prepared:—
 Give the best to my mother; next, my brother;
 Myself aside—a little, not too far;
 And on my right breast lay my infant, else
 Will none rest near. To press me to thy heart
 Were sweet, were happiness—but never more
 Shall it be so to me. It seems as though
 I forced my love upon thee, and thou strovest
 My fondness to repel; and yet thou'rt he,
 And hast the same kind gentle look as ever.

FAUSTUS.

Oh! if thou feelest all this, I pray thee come.

MARGARET.

Whither?

FAUSTUS.

To freedom.

MARGARET.

Ah! is the grave without? Does Death wait? come then,
 From hence to everlasting rest, and not
 One step beyond. Thou turn'st away. Oh! Henry,
 Would, would that I could go along with thee.

FAUSTUS.

And if thou wilt thou canst ; the door stands open.

MARGARET.

I may not go, for me there is no hope.

Ah ! what avails to fly—they wait to seize me.

To be obliged to beg, and, conscience struck,

Roaming about through foreign lands to beg :

'Tis wretchedness itself, and still they'll seize me.

FAUSTUS.

I will not move from thee.

MARGARET.

Quick, quick ! Away !

Save thy poor child. Fly hence ; away—away—

Up yonder by the brook : beyond the stile,

Deep in the wood, there where thou see'st the plank

Across the pool. Oh ! snatch it out at once.

It strives to rise ;—it struggles still—save—save it !

FAUSTUS.

Collect thyself. One step, and thou art free.

MARGARET.

Would we were past that hill ! my mother there

Is sitting on a stone. How cold it is !

There on a stone my mother sits, and shakes

Her grey head towards me—now she beckons not,

Nor nods—her head seems heavy—long she slept—

She wakes no more. She slept while we were happy.

Oh ! those were blissful times.

FAUSTUS.

If no entreaties and no words will move thee,

I needs must force thee hence.

MARTHA.

Release me ! no,

I will not suffer force ; then seize me not

With cruel murderous hands : for love of thee
I did all this.

FAUSTUS.

Day dawns ! my love, my love !

MARGARET.

Day ? yes, 'tis day : the last day passes on—
My bridal-day it should have been. Tell none
That thou wert here with Margaret. Ah ! my garland,
It is quite withered :—we will meet again ;
Not at the dance :—the crowd assembles close—
Nothing is heard—the square, the streets, will scarce
Contain them ;—'tis the bell that sounds—the staff
Is broke asunder—how they seize and bind me—
They bear me to the scaffold—every neck
Feels the sharp sword, as now it falls on mine :
'Tis silent now, as silent as the grave.

FAUSTUS.

O that I never had been born !

MEPHISTOPHELES, (*appearing at the door.*)

Come on, or you are lost.
How useless is this trembling and delay,
And idle prate : my horses shiver yonder.
Already does the morning's dawn appear.

MARGARET.

What rises from the earth ?—that being ! he !
Send him away. What is his purpose here,
On consecrated ground ? He comes for me.

FAUSTUS.

Thou shalt live.

MARGARET.

I yield to thee, O God ! and to thy judgment.

MEPHISTOPHELES, (*to Faustus.*)

Come—come—or I abandon thee to her
And ruin.

MARGARET.

Thine am I, heavenly Father! save me, save me!
Ye angels, and ye hosts of saints, surround—
Protect me! Henry, now you make me tremble.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

She is judged.

A VOICE (*from above*).

She is saved.

MEPHISTOPHELES, (*to Faustus*.)

Come here with me. [*Vanishes with Faustus.*]

A VOICE (*heard from within*).

Henry! Henry!

As this little publication is designed to serve also as an accompaniment to the *Series of Outlines*, illustrative of “Faust,” engraved by Mr. Moses, from Retsch’s originals, it has been thought advisable to subjoin a Table of Reference to the several subjects of the plates, as contained in the preceding pages. The ingenious German artist above alluded to, has embodied in a very pleasing manner the wild, powerful, but often indistinct conceptions of his countryman. He has followed him into magic ground, and attempted to give identity to the several abortions of humanity that assemble on the Brocken to join in the Witches’ revel. In his delineations of the three principal personages of the drama he has contrived, even with the simple aid of outline, to

define, not merely the different characters, but also the different changes of character in the same person. This is particularly perceptible in the appearance of Faustus after he has partaken of the *elixir vitæ*; the lines of his features losing the rigidity expressive of age and contemplation, and softening into the semblance of youth and gallantry. The attitude of Margaret repulsing the first addresses of her seducer is innocent and elegant, and each gradation of her career is marked by its characteristic expression. But in depicting the great Enemy of Man, the artist had a more difficult task to perform, since the text presents no decided traits to seize on, for a devil in human shape without that degrading emblem of the beast, the cloven foot, can only be described as a man. Mr. Retsch has, however, given to Mephistopheles a sort of animal contour of visage, which, with his squinting eye, and goatish expression of countenance, approaching to a fiendish leer, is admirably adapted to personify a demon in disguise. The several situations are accurately delineated, and the costume and scenery are correct and appropriate.

THE END.



Das Bild fehlt

Goethe, Johann Wolfgang <<von>>,

Faustus

London 1821

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